

312
F E M A L E T A S T E :

A
S A T I R E .

In Two EPISTLES.

Inscribed to a

Modern Polite L A D Y .

By a BARRISTER of the MIDDLE-TEMPLE.

*Ye Fair, to draw your Excellence at Length,
Exceeds the narrow Bounds of Human Strength;
You here in Miniature your Pictures see,
Nor hope from Zincks more Justice than from me.*

YOUNG'S UNIV. PASSION, B. VI.

L O N D O N :

Printed for S. CROWDER and H. WOODGATE, at the Golden-Ball in
Pater-noster-Row, MDCCLV. [Price One Shilling.]

EMMALE TASTY

SATIRE

In Two Volumes

London

Modern Poets H. A. D.



LONDON

Printed by J. G. Shaw and W. M. ...
... ..

FEMALE TASTE, &c.

EPISTLE I.

FLAVIA, if studious to refine
 Your taste, and with success to shine;
 Throw by your needle, and attend
 The wholesome maxims of a friend;
 Well vers'd the precepts to instill,
 That guide you how to please and kill.

If then to court you would repair,
 Burn all your childish books of pray'r;
 Here all your boldest features bring;
 One blush would frighten half the ring.
 Who, in a modest habit clad,
 Would think you either weak, or mad;
 For speedy help wou'd bid you go
 To Bedlam, and consult MONRO;
 Since she, who here a favour begs,
 Must come half bare, and shew her leggs:
 Her bosom with no veil embrac'd,
 And naked almost to the waste.

Fashion your guide, her rules pursue;
 No matter whether false or true;

A

Her

Her prudent laws you ne'er must slight;
For all she dictates must be right.

Whatever rubs are in your way,
All she decrees, you must obey;
Against those laws she does ordain,
Sense, reason, conscience plead in vain.

25

To church though seldom you advance,
Ah never miss the midnight dance;
No winds that blow, or storms that rage,
Should keep you from the park, or stage.

30

Your soul intent on joys like these,
A whirlwind only, is a breeze:

Through peals of thunder you must fly,
The lightning's forked flames defy;

Tempests and rains, deride them all,
Rather than miss a fav'rite Ball;

35

You would be terrify'd with sprites,
To sleep on masquerading nights;

Where chaste, and pious rules are given,
For modest maids to merit Heav'n;

40

A school, with better maxims fraught,
Than priests or pulpits ever taught.

Be vent'rous FLAVIA, then and bold,
For vanity ne'er fears a cold;

Ne'er injur'd, when abroad you roam;
Your ague fits are are still at home.

45

'Tis here your visage pale is seen;

Here dwell the vapours and the spleen.

Who

Who faint, grow sick, with cold expire,
 Though sitting near your parlour fire. 50
 With custom wisely then comply;
 Kept from a rout one night—you die;
 And quite abandon'd to despair,
 Expect no help, from change of air,
 The doctor's pill, or church's prayer. 55
 Rather than not appear in state,
 Sell all your pictures and your plate;
 Your jewels to some broker bring,
 And lastly, your dear wedding ring.
 While to adorn and rig yourself, 60
 Of ev'ry dish you rob your shelf.
 Not worth one groat, 'tis no reproach,
 For ladies now to drive their coach;
 A tradesman of his debt to bilk,
 Or shine at court in borrow'd silk; 65
 In flaming diamonds to be shewn,
 Their sideboard pawn'd to buy each stone.
 All this, each day your betters do;
 Meer beggars, and as bare as you;
 Each ev'ning rattling down some street, 70
 A pennyless proud Peer you meet;
 On his coach-sides two leopards grin;
 Their lord not worth a doit within;
 His coat of arms full richly glares,
 The only coat but one he wears. 75

If then you chuse abroad to ride,
 (And want was ne'er too hard for pride)
 Suppose the town with wonder stares,
 At Your gilt coach and Flanders' hares;
 Though some pert fool your folly jeers,
 Tell him you mimick British Peers;
 Each spendthrift heir, and gaming beau,
 Who sinks a manour at a throw,
 Rich in the morn whose Berlin shines,
 Without one shilling when he dines.
 The chance of one unlucky day,
 Sweeping parks, woods, and farms away.
 Although a bankrupt in the news,
 In debt for stockings, smocks and shoes;
 In all shop-books your name display'd
 Your laundress, coachman, cook unpaid;
 In the next mail to France you fly,
 And bonds, and writs, and duns defy;
 On a fresh score you here may run,
 And laugh at fools you have undone.
 Nor longer of a gaol affraid,
 Smile at the witty tricks you plaid;
 Bett high and bold when e'er you play;
 Add day to night and night to day.
 Here you may curse, defraud and lye,
 Blaspheme at an unlucky dye;
 Now d---n the stars, now heav'n upbraid,
 Call waiting dæmons to your aid,

Tear

Tear off your curls, your bosom thump,
 When you had none, when spades were trump; 105
 That a small ace, a puny thing,
 In triumph swept away your king.

After a luckless losing night
 Drove home, but just before 'tis light,
 You storm, you rave, you bounce, you fume; 110
 Stalk like a fury round the room;
 Each servant with some fault upbraid,
 Now curse your cook, now kick your maid;
 POLL trembles in her golden cage,
 Your lap-dog scarce escapes your rage; 115
 Down goes a fav'rite china bowl;
 And why?—Last night you mis'd a vole;
 While pitied by each mournful eye
 In heaps the shining fragments lye;
 Then in the flames your fan is cast, 120
 Your tweezers next, your snuff box last;
 Stools, sconces, jars, your strokes endure;
 Nought but your monkey is secure;
 Each earthly thing had felt your ire,
 Had JENNY not put out the fire; 125
 Apply'd her opiats to restrain
 Your frenzy, and compose your brain;
 Else MOSES, MATTHEW, JAMES, and PAUL,
 In the dire flames had perish'd all.

Supposing then you lost you gold, 130
 Reason there's none, to rave and scold;

B

Since

Since gaming nymphs have found a way,
 New modish schemes, their debts to pay;
 Who, in a few soft moments clear
 The losses of a luckless year. 135

For less than six-pence in the pound,
 Ask—and your sharper will compound;
 Lodge with the spark one single night,
 You cancel all you owe him quite;
 And since your purse will not avail, 140
 All scores are wip'd off, by your ~~own~~.

And what wise Female wou'd delay,
 Her debts of honour to defray,
 Which one lost ~~moment~~ will pay.

At church, if e'er you chance to look, 145
 Or peep into a prayer book;
 The collect, or the lessons read,
 Nor laugh, nor giggle at the creed;
 The folks around you quite amaz'd,
 Would stare, and think you sick or craz'd; 150
 And fancying you extreamly ill,
 Wou'd beg you strait to sign your will;
 Convinc'd, when you appear devout
 You could not hold much longer out;
 To heaven once lifting up your eye, 155
 A sad presage, you soon must die.

Vain all our help, and fruitless care;
 The doctor's pill, and parson's prayer!

A judge in taste wou'd you become;
 Rub o'er your plate with foetid gum: 160
 Your fancy odd tho' some may think,
 You find it a most savoury stink;
 And tho' your tongue no sweetness feel,
 Like it you must,—because genteel;
 In raptures now your dish you fill, 165
 Tho' half you eat, ten rats wou'd kill;
 Your cook you praise, your heaven you bless,
 For what?—a nauseous modish mess!
 By curious palates valued much,
 What a starv'd cat would hardly touch. 170
 Ah! let a haunch be never seen
 Upon your board, till rank or green!
 If hung a fortnight o'er your sink,
 'Twill taste much richer, if it stink;
 DICK faints—the steam that round him flows, 175
 Obliges NED to shut his nose;
 You quite displeas'd when e'er you meet,
 A pasty, unpolitely sweet.
 Whose palate greater joy partakes,
 With ven'son season'd o'er a jakes; 180
 Here you cut on, slice after slice,
 The smell is rich, the flavour nice,
 Tho' every bit you swallow down,
 Wou'd almost poison half the town.
 MIRA wou'd her best tankard melt, 185
 Rather than want a winter's smelt;

And

And sure, to please a taste so nice,
 For one, a crown's a trivial price.
 Who sooner, than her longing lose,
 To buy the fish, wou'd pawn her shoes. 190
 When fix a groat the markets sell,
 It loses all its former smell;
 With the cheap nauseous feast dismay'd,
 She flouts—and gives it to her maid;
 'Tis tasteless now, and vulgar food, 195
 A sprat or herring full as good.

Our nymphs to glory who aspire
 Must quench each spark of virtuous fire;
 None priz'd but vices most sublime,
 Ev'n decency is now a crime. 200
 'Tis puny finners merit blame,
 The boldest still preserve their fame.
 Want no excuses, but display,
 Their frailties, to the face of day;
 Their crimes without a scruple own, 205
 For fear their guilt shou'd be unknown.

If wine then pleases, never shrink,
 Or balk your bumper, when you drink;
 The faultring voice, the rosy face,
 No more the toping sex disgrace; 210
 Who looking in their glass, suppose
 New beauties, in a purple nose;
 A bottle all their wants, supplies,

Makes

[II]

Makes one a wit, another wife ;
 Fresh vigor in their souls they feel, 215
 Ne'er thought so strong, as when they reel.

With nymphs of taste, 'tis no strange sight,
 With rakes to sit up half the night :
 For fame and mastery to strive,
 And swill the bowl, from twelve to five. 220

She toasted for the bravest lads,
 Who tosses down the largest glass ;
 Who smiling hears the bawdy jest
 And clubs her joke, amongst the rest ;
 Seems pleas'd, and opens wide her ear, 225
 The rank plain ribaldry to hear ;
 Sits without blushing to attend
 What ev'n a MURRAY would offend.

Her senses now quite lost, at four
 (Not knowing, whether maid or whore) 230
 Resolving a short nap to take
 Not quite a sleep, or quite awake,
 With cheeks so bowdye, eyes so red,
 She rolls, and staggers up to bed ;
 And fearing to be wak'd too soon, 235
 Bids JENNY call her up by noon.
 Her early hour — with a decree
 To get her breakfast warm'd by three ;
 The lemons and the rum to mix,
 And fill her bowl again by six. 240

When e'er a female friend has sent
 With a starch formal compliment,

To ask you, if your qualms are past,
 If still, your evening vapours last;
 Tho' stronger than the heart of oak,
 Tell her your sleep is often broke;
 That day and night, by turns you feel,
 Pains in your head, your toe, or heel;
 Somewhere — tho' where, you scarce can tell;
 For ladies ne'er should be quite well;
 To-day, your fever hardly burns,
 But ah, you dread its quick returns;
 'Tis rusticks only with their flails,
 Who unpolitely want their ails;
 No tender female languors own,
 And die perhaps without a groan;
 While you more modish and well-bred,
 With vapours, twice a day, are dead;
 Live to your fears each hour a slave,
 In sleep, still dreaming of a grave;
 In every frightful midnight gloom,
 Fancy a coffin in your room.

When crowds on your fix'd stated day
 Press, your last visit to repay,
 A train of livery slaves before
 With raps loud thundering at your door;
 On each, your well-bred airs to shew,
 You kindly smile — and court'ey low;
 Easy and free, and debonair,
 You hand each stranger to her chair;
 Salute 'em all by turns, then sit,
 Now praise their dress, and now their wit;

A ge-

A genius, in each coat you find ;
 No robes so rich, or nicely lin'd ;
 So bright a circle round to view, 275
 No mortal half so blest as you.

As down the stairs, they now descend,
 Each you dissect, from end to end ;
 And e'er they reach the door, aloud,
 Call one a flirt, and one a dowl ; 280
 CHLOE, tho' seeming coy and chaste,
 All know, is wanton near the waft ;
 Who owes, tho' passing for a saint
 Her bloom, to French, or Spanish paint.
 MIRA at church, with much delight, 285
 Lifts up her hands —— they both are white ;
 Obvious to every curious eye,
 Her back is hump'd, her hips awry.
 And all may view (who will but stoop)
 Two crooked leggs beneath her hoop. 290
 Whisper'd by fame, she had a boy
 Or two, before her wedding-day.
 Thus maids and wives by turns you maul,
 Nor leave one virtue, 'mongst 'em all.
 None from the sting of censure freed ; 295
 But all alike, are doom'd to bleed.

FEMALE

FEMALE TASTE.

EPISTLE II.

ATTEND once more your poets airs ;
 Whether at picquet or at prayers ;
 If bending on your knees you fall,
 Or dress you, to attend the ball ;
 Whether intent with zeal you look,
 To find a play, or pious book ;
 Stitching your quilt, or combing Shock ;
 Or airing your soft funday smock ;
 Adorn'd with ruffles, which extend,
 And reach beyond your fingers end ;
 Those claiming now the first applause ;
 That drink and lick up half your sauce.

Wou'd you in modern forms excel ;
 Perfect your dance, before you spell ;
 And by no faucy teacher vext,
 First learn a tune — your Primer next ;
 And if your heels appear well-bred,
 'Tis folly all to mind your head :
 Since parents now take greater pains
 To furnish you with airs, than brains ;
 Would frown, nor take the same delight,
 To see you modest, as polite.

Your

Your parts and genius strong indeed,
 At twenty to repeat your creed ;
 And greater still, could you define,
 If the commands are ten or nine.
 'Twou'd drive your mother to despair
 To catch you mumbling out a prayer ;
 With a dull sermon pleased, when all
 Good Christians crowded to a ball,
 And one stale virtue should you boast,
 Would sigh, and mourn a daughter lost ;
 Morals, where vice politely thrives,
 Suit none, but parsons and their wives ;
 In well-bred maids, extremely odd,
 To dream of Heaven, or think of God,
 Unsealed, which might their eyelids keep,
 And pain and plague them in their sleep ;
 Each soft and pleasing thought expel,
 And fright 'em with a dread of hell.

Unless you wou'd yourself expose,
 Prize nothing that in *England* grows ;
 Your peach, your plumb, your grapes and paste,
 If foreign, boast a richer taste ;
 A goose from *Paris* eats as well
 As quails, which *British* markets sell.
 A *Gallic* frog much more genteel
 Than any home-bred carp or eel ;
 How blest the day, how warm your joys,
 When *Calais* sends you o'er her toys ;
 And if cross winds keep back the sail,
 You faint, impatient for the mail ;

D

Till

Till that arrives, with doubts perplext,
 What dress to chuse for *Sunday* next ;
 What length your ruffles and your frills,
 What knot, which silk the surest kills ;
 What oils and washes of renown,
 To change your hair from red to brown :
 What paints, to give your looks a grace,
 And conquer with a borrowed face.

If wanted, a learn'd Monsieur nigh
 Can help you to a sparkling eye ;
 A set of teeth in even rows ;
 Or aid you, if you want a nose ;
 If crackt, or crazy, in their stead,
 Inject fresh brains into your head ;
 The drops by his invention found,
 That make fools wise, and cripples sound :
 One guinea, and how small the cost,
 Restoring all your senses lost !

Your hoops, your gloves, your caps, your dance,
 Fidlers and fans——buy all from *France* ;
 Your valet's fame 'twill never hurt,
 If his lac'd ruffles want a shirt ;
 And one gay livery bought for shew,
 Conceals and hides the rags below ;
 In modes from *Paris* if you shine,
 Tho' a mere hag, you grow divine ;
 If not, derided by the crowd,
 Each *Gunning* would appear a dowd ;
 And in an *Englisb* robe array'd,
 Pass for a cook or chambermaid.

Scorn

Scorn then each rustick, who betrays
 Her want of taste in home-made stays;
 No elegance or genius shews,
 Wearing a coat beyond her toes.
 Untaught what fashion now prevails,
 'Mongst battered strumpets at *Versailles*;
 Who zealously prescribe the way,
 The *Gallic* mode's to whore and pray;
 How many masses must be said,
 To turn a jilt into a maid;
 What eggs, and frogs, and sprats in lent,
 Will help a sinner to repent.
 What sums in holy *Rome* are given
 To mount a royal bawd to heaven.

Sometimes by chance from chapel kept,
 When sick—or when too long you slept;
 And the whole morn complaining fit,
 Seiz'd with a whim, or ague fit;
 Grant that from church you keep away,
 On some good fainted holiday;
 Twenty good reasons you may chuse,
 Or feign, your absence to excuse.
 A mist, a cloud, a drizzling dew,
 May fright you from a *Sunday's* pew;
 Your sabbath, but a solemn day,
 To rest from prayer, but not from play;
 In spite of musty texts and stale,
 Design'd for courtiers to regale;
 Their schemes of pleasure to pursue,
 And serve their God at whist or loo.

Urge

Urge stronger reasons still you may,
 At home to justify your stay ;
 Too hot, or else too cold the air,
 Bleak winds may discompose your hair ;
 The breeze last week, that gently blew,
 Scarce mov'd a leaf, quite shatter'd you ;
 And ah, what female e'er wou'd chuse
 To pray——if she her curls must loose ;
 'Tis bantering heaven, when maids confess
 Their sins in a loose dowdy dress ;
 Since none can serve their Maker right
 With rumpled sleeves, and gloves not white ;
 Whose vows to heav'n unheeded fly,
 When e'er their pinner sits awry.

Besides, 'twould be a dire disgrace
 To pray with pimples on your face ;
 Before you have supply'd the want
 Of beauty, with some streaks of paint.
 Or e're you have advis'd with books
 For washes to retrieve your looks.
 Add too, your corns within an hour
 Hint, and presage a sudden shower ;
 Which in your face may drive and beat,
 And drench you, e're you reach your seat :
 And who would e'er lift up her eye
 To heaven, unless her cloaths are dry.

Yet should these reasons not avail,
 One left untold, can never fail ;
 Ready at hand to help you still ——
 —— A Sunday's party at *Quadrille*.

Without

Without a blush, when ladies meet,
 In every square, and court, and street ;
 Who all expect their just rewards,
 Serving their God, at dice and cards ;
 At twelve, all driving home content ;
 And think the day, devoutly spent.

You ask, why SILVIA now is seen,
 O'erwhelm'd, with vapours, and the spleen ;
 Why cover'd o'er with pensive black,
 She wears no more her flowing sack ;
 And dropping all her former airs,
 To plague herself, is oft at prayers ;
 Say, has she broke a fav'rite bowl,
 Is her last jar from China whole ?
 Or in the papers has she read,
 That her dear lord at sea was dead ;
 A forer loss her patience try'd——
 Last night her darling linnet dy'd.
 Which ever since has broke her rest,
 Expiring on her throbbing breast ;
 Each joy of wretched life is o'er ;
 Drums, routs, assemblies, please no more ;
 No more, to midnight revels led,
 She sighs till nine——then goes to bed ;
 Then dreams she views, amid the gloom
 Her linnet's ghost, fly round the room.

If, e'er you wed, you chance to breed,
 No plea, or vain excuse you need ;
 'Twas what your stars, and fate decreed,
 You strove——before you were betray'd,
 But stars, all know, must be obey'd ;

E

Woman,

Woman, too weak, with all pains
 To contradict what fate ordains ;
 What ever crime you then commit
 The guilt is theirs, and you are quit ;
 Some wanton planet, out of spite,
 Rul'd, the first day, you saw the light ;
 Not you, but MARS, or VENUS led,
 The lover flily to your bed.

Shou'd your harsh lord a toy refuse,
 You want, to please you, or amuse ;
 Deny, what sighing you require,
 You faint, you languish, you expire ;
 Now beg, now rave, now pout, or pish,
 Till you succeed, and gain your wish ;
 While other dames their brilliants wear,
 Why should you want your solitaire ?
 Or why a coach and six deny'd
 To such a kind, and loving bride ?

His heart, if nothing will subdue,
 A tender longing fit will do ;
 And who wou'd vex a teeming fair,
 Or spare his gold, to lose an heir ;
 Each other reason, weak, you try
 Last, the soft language of your eye ;
 Now breathe a sigh, now drop a tear,
 Call him your life, and dearest dear ;
 Till close, and clinging to his breast
 You win whatever you request ;
 The prize is won for which you fought ;
 The coach bespoke, and necklace bought.

That

That wretch must have a heart of stone
 Who hears untouch'd a lady's moan ;
 Feels no remorse, whene'er he sees,
 The fair one, bending on her knees,
 And sighing with a grief profound
 For only—one poor thousand pound.

To church sometimes if you repair,
 When indispos'd to take the air ;
 And now and then a sabbath keep,
 When not enclin'd at home to sleep ;
 Now safely landed at your pew,
 Courtly your robe, your head-dress new ;
 (Amaz'd how nymphs can say their prayers
 Without your set of modern airs ;)
 With piety, and zeal profound
 You throw your godly eyes around ;
 And mark, who singles out her man ;
 Who prays and laughs behind her fan ;
 Her psalm, what maid the sweetest sings ;
 Holds up her hand, to shew her rings ;
 Striving an hour to be devout,
 Without once thinking of a rout ;
 What silver sconces, golden lights,
 Glitter, on all assembly nights ;
 How many cuckolds have been made
 At each gay bawdy masquerade.

This be the business of the day,
 To droll the tedious time away,
 That keeps you, fore against your will
 Too long, from shuffling at Quadrille.

Or

Or if a zeal sincere you feel
 For heaven, what cause have you to kneel ?
 If you but pay your parson's fees,
 Why shou'd you pain, or hurt your knees ?
 Or grant you hear him cant till noon,
 Home you retire and hum a tune ;
 Your book-case ope, and in a trance,
 Dye almost o'er a dear romance ;
 Where the soft things that lovers say
 Drive collects, lessons, texts away ;
 One moment past, entirely fled,
 The stuff he preach'd, to turn your head.

If then sad stories he shou'd tell,
 And scare you with the sound of hell ;
 A terror in your heart to breed,
 And contradict a lady's creed ;
 To chase the hideous thought away
 Bid him go tithe his oats and hay ;
 Shou'd he, your want of grace impeach,
 You laugh, as long as he can preach ;
 Advise him to go home and rant
 His tales—to some old wither'd aunt ;
 While dozing in her elbow chair,
 And mumbling o'er her morning prayer :

But faucy still, shou'd he pretend
 To warn you to be wise and mend,
 Direct you, in a pious tone,
 To leave your sins, at least bemoan ;
 Say, that illustrious by your birth,
 You want no heaven, but that on earth ;

From

From which, you chuse not to remove,
 For all his boasted scenes above ;
 The bliss, to which your soul aspires
 Is only found in HANDEL'S wires ;
 When his soft fingers touch the strings ;
 When LOW, or BEARD, or FRASI sings.

Let then the priest droll on alone,
 You for the play, desert the drone ;
 Changing his stile, till heaven he grants,
 For sinners made, as well as saints ;
 Which ne'er must shut its golden doors,
 Against good-natur'd Christian whores ;
 The lewd, the shameless, the profane,
 From PHILLIPS, down to lady V—E,
 For mercy if at last they cry,
 And rubbing hard their stubborn eye
 Squeeze out ten tears before they die,
 They mount to bliss, when fate does call ;
 From cards, from brothels—sins and all ;
 Heaven's gates unbarr'd, when angels find,
 Their pass, by RICH, and GARRICK sign'd ;
 Which sooner wou'd an entrance claim,
 If T—NS—ND would but lend her name.

Demure and serious you may view
 BELINDA, seated in her pew ;
 Custom the want of zeal supplies ;
 She only kneels—again to rise,
 She holds, serene and grave her look,
 Unopen'd, a rich gilded book ;

F

And

And e'er the holy farce begins
 Seems to confess and moan her sins ;
 Then rising from her knees she throws
 A smile, on her admiring beaux ;
 These first partake a gracious nod ;
 And next——she compliments her God.
 And to be thought genteel indeed
 Drops twenty courtesies, at her creed.
 As death is closing now her eyes,
 On her strict virtue she relies
 To merit bliss——and smiling dies.
 Ah ! if you prize, a fame in life
 Six times each dinner change your knife,
 And never for your sweetmeats call,
 Unless your plates are China all.
 Tho' hungry, dread to sup or dine
 On a coarse vulgar ham, or chine ;
 T'would look quite ungenteel in you
 To eat and feed as others do ;
 Tho' in your purse it makes a breach,
 And cost you half a guinea each,
 Let ortelans your table grace,
 And take your ducks and capons place ;
 Curious, you piddle o'er one wing,
 And to your cat the other fling ;
 Staring at FULVIA half an hour,
 Who does a monstrous snipe devour
 Your heaven you wou'd sincerely bless,
 Cou'd you but compass half her mess ;

Upon

Upon a fingle lark regale,
Or eat a sparrow at a meal.

Ne'er let your servants dine or sup
Till Mopsy eats her commons up ;
Who mortally all pewter hates,
And must be serv'd on China plates ;
Tho' starv'd and hungry never mind
To help your son, till she has din'd ;
Her napkin smooth, and nicely laid,
Attended duly by her maid :
Who ne'er can make a hearty meal,
Without a slice of duck or teal ;
Who for a turkey's breast would beg,
And yet despise, and scorn a leg.

Be then her breakfast sugar'd milk ;
Her coverlet a quilt of silk ;
On your soft lap allow'd to leap,
Since lawns and muslins are so cheap.

If ever sick, no charge regard,
But send away your boy for WARD ;
Consulting with the stars and sky,
If the dear bitch must live or die.
Not to fright her with the sound
Fast be your noisy knocker bound ;
And lay, her slumbers to secure,
A load of straw, before your door.
Each room in solemn silence keep,
While the sick favourite lies asleep ;
If by his skill to health restor'd,
Her learned doctor is ador'd.

To

To heaven you breathe a thankful prayer
That kindly sav'd you from despair.
Reliev'd your bosom's anxious smart,
And piec'd again your broken heart.

When e'er you die, and die you must,
And all your beauties turn to dust ;
Those cheeks of China melt away,
With Stratford, and with Chelsea clay ;
Tho' cold and lifeless, you must strive
To look as fair as when alive.

Let no coarse flannel scrub your face ;
The shroud that does your limbs embrace
Soft cambrick, edged with Dresden lace.
Your mournful friends 'twou'd frighten quite,
To see your visage pale and white,
Till JENNY on your cheeks has spread,
A few soft tints of lively red ;

In your close narrow box confin'd,
With fatten be your coffin lin'd ;
The chest that does your ashes hold,
Silver its nails, its hinges gold ;
Your smiling ghost, 'twill greatly charm
To see you lie, so soft and warm ;
A pillow plac'd beneath your head,
Your tomb a downy feather bed ;
Gilt 'scutcheons, and a milk white plume,
Waving aloft, above your tomb ;
No faucy worm shall ever dare
To breakfast on a form so fair ;

While

While death itself is pleas'd to view
 A victim fresh and young as you.
 But FLAVIA here the muse must strive,
 Once more to shew you are alive ;
 Pleas'd your wide hoop again to spread ;
 And pitying, raise you from the dead.

On horseback, flaunting it astride,
 In manly buskins when you ride,
 Trust me, 'twill do your fame no hurt
 To change your smock into a shirt ;
 And as you aim to merit praise,
 No matter who your legs surveys ;
 Let your war horse the rowels feel
 Gor'd with the spur that arms your heel ;
 Two pistols bought, you thus may pass
 For a bold daring highway lass ;
 And hero-like, may thus appear
 Fierce as a Swift, or grenadier :
 The cock'd-up hat, the martial plume,
 Now chosen in your bonnets room ;
 The next promotion, pressing hard,
 To shine and mount a colonel's guard :
 When the kind lot to you may fall,
 To leap a ditch, or scale a wall.

The sexes now transform'd you see,
 KATE is a male, and TOM a she.
 KATE has her wig, and manly air ;
 TOM paints and patches with the fair.

Ever betray, or feign a fear
 At every thing you see, or hear ;

G

To

To view a frog, a mouse, a snail,
 You quake, you tremble, you look pale ;
 A wasp, or hornet in your cup
 Might join and eat a lady up.
 How wide each monster's opening jaws !
 Their fangs how keen ; how sharp their claws !
 Which sooner than a butcher's knife
 May wound, and rob you of your life.
 If on your hearth the crickets sing,
 Fate hints—your life is on the wing.
 A spider crawling up the wall,
 In your armed chair you backward fall ;
 The salts are to your nose apply'd,
 Which scarce revive you, e'er you dy'd.
 A cat quite kills you with a touch,
 A tyger scarce affrights so much ;
 Fainting at every windy squall ;
 For why—your house may crack or fall.
 The hooting owl, you hear at night,
 Must be some wicked wandring sprite ;
 Whose screaming notes must needs foretel,
 Your death, sure as your passing bell.

Which ever leg you foremost put,
 Yours be the bold, and manly strut ;
 For blushes, chusing to assume,
 Airs of defiance, in their room ;
 Let other females smoothly glide,
 Along the Mall, you stalk and stride ;
 Your arms, a stick of knotty oak,
 When urg'd, to deal a deadly stroke.

Thro'

Thro' the thick crowd, and pressing throng,
You urge your way and drive along;
Wave round your cudgel with a grace,
No footman swifter in a race.

If then, ambitious of renown,
To please yourself, or charm the town;
Your taste in fashion to express,
In twenty yards of ribband dress;
Which dangling from your head must fall,
And shadow back, and bum, and all,
With streamers thus quite covered o'er,
A sailing bark has hardly more;
All colours, green and blue, and red;
A sempstress' shop scarce tires your head;
Two customers like you each night
Would empty all her boxes quite.

To look more strait, and upright, buy
Your heels at least six inches high;
Tho' as you walk, a fall you dread,
And totter every step you tread;
Better to break a leg or two,
Then not regard what others do;
Propp'd up by these, a dapper elf,
Appears much taller than herself;
Strutting before her lying glass,
She views a proper stately lass;
An Amazon here meets her eye!
An Amazon scarce four foot high.
Then wonders lovers can bestow,
Their favours, on a nymph that's low.

Who

Who, but a fondness must betray
 When grizled heads their curls display?
 Whose colour is extremely bright,
 The powder only makes 'em white.
 Your cheeks with wrinkles furrow'd o'er,
 Still strive to charm us at fourscore;
 And dress, and patch, and paint away,
 Tho' half your hairs are lost, or grey.
 Love's arrows oft successful fly,
 From two stump'd teeth, and half an eye;
 And lovers oft stale virgins meet
 Just e'er they buy their winding sheet.

If e'er oppos'd by your good man,
 Look angry, fierce, and shake your fan!
 Till vanquish'd in the warm dispute,
 He yields obedient, or is mute.
 Acknowledges your sovereign sway,
 And owns you right in all you say.
 Whate'er his reasons, yours more strong
 Must still convince him, he is wrong;
 Unless you please, his point to gain,
 Whose pleas are triffling all, and vain.
 When he complains of summer heats,
 Be sure you freeze, whene'er he sweats:
 If shuddering in a foggy air,
 You ne'er beheld a day so fair.
 If starv'd with hunger, he must rest
 Contented, till his dear is drest;
 One is his stated hour, but you
 Can never dine, till after Two.

If

If still to thwart you he persists,
 You rise, and brandish both your fists ;
 Till suppliant his mistake he sees,
 And pardon asks on bended knees ;
 Begging you not to take it ill,
 If ever he oppos'd your will.
 Now proud to pay his homage due,
 And pleas'd with all that pleases you :
 Just as his regent queen ordains,
 Gives up his reason, sense and brains.
 Without a rival to your throne
 You thus command, and rule alone ;
 Submission is your royal due,
 The Turk less absolute than you.

If death, ne'er minding marriage vows,
 Should in a coffin shut your spouse ;
 As man and wife one day must part,
 Ne'er let the loss quite burst your heart.
 In every shop for your relief,
 You purchase crape—which serves for grief.

Howe'er, squeeze out a tear or two ;
 Believe me—fix will more than do ;
 Drest in your weed, you burn your sack,
 To act the farce in solemn black ;
 With friends, a sadness forc'd to own
 You now and then must breathe a groan ;
 With custom, willing to comply,
 And languish—with a merry eye.

A task like this when you can boast,
 You soon will shine a British toast ;

H

In

In all the modish arts of pride
 MURRAY and you shall be our guide;
 Enact, what coats, the long or short,
 Are fittest for the female sport;
 What hoops next spring we must admire,
 A fence of whalebone, or of wire;
 For which most care you should employ,
 Your bird, your monkey, or your boy;
 For which to breathe the warmest vows,
 A lap-dog, or a dying spouse;
 Which does our virtue most advance,
 A play, a bible, or romance.

These precepts, CELIA, well apply'd,
 Which custom dictates for your guide;
 Whether a widow, maid or wife,
 Ne'er fail to make you blest for life.
 And though weak fools these truths distrust,
 The court will own, they all are just.



F I N I S